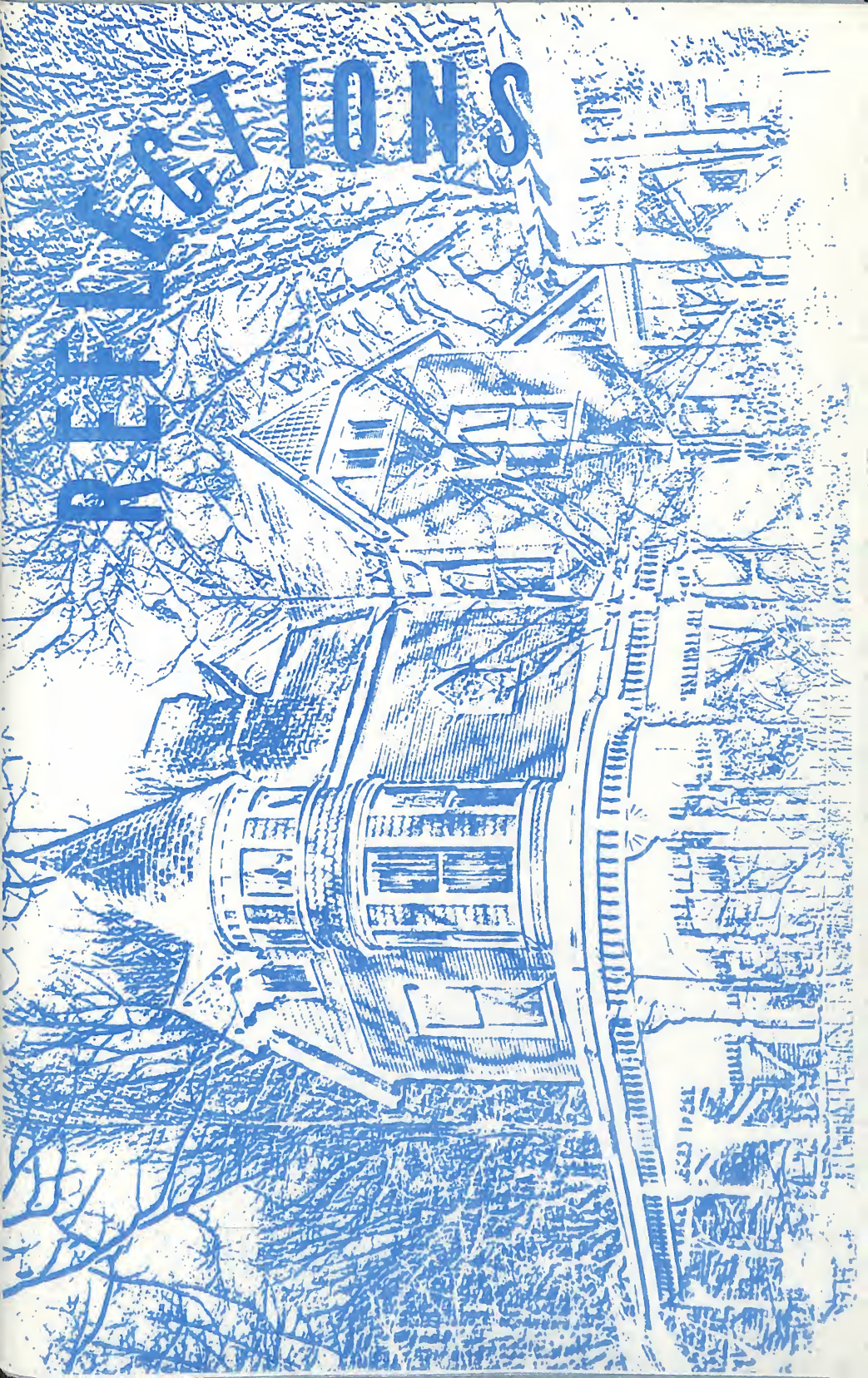


# REFLECTIONS



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TO THE PEOPLE OF MARSEILLES  
1720 YEAR OF THE PLAGUE

You will say that I betrayed the living. Be-  
cause I lie  
in a field outside the city. I am not  
responsible for leaving, I am respon-  
sible for laughing.

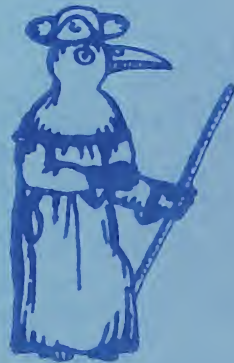
The crows are here too. Smaller ones.

They circle above  
me screaming. They taunt me in human voices.  
My presence here or my limpness disturbs them.  
I would like to move.

But the wind is not so strong as before in  
Marseilles,  
it rescued me from the huge wingless black-  
birds.

They bent over me to bite with  
their stuffed beaks. To drag me along the  
street

with sudden anger.  
But the wind pushed me  
carefully to the fields,  
without moving  
I was brought to  
this place where crows  
have now abandoned me  
and strangely,  
I am comforted by  
healthy laughter.



-Wayne Blankenship

SPRING SONG OF CYMBA, THE CAT

Today I must plant black cats  
around Memorial Drive  
so will cower Jake  
by the logs  
and meet Joanna by the frog pond.

Today I must strut the meadow,  
grabbing butterflies,  
and consternate birds.

I shall meow  
at the earth the way  
dogs bark at the moon: someone must  
know that I am here.

Today I shall jostle jonquils  
on Memorial Drive  
as I push to battle, play,  
food, home, and mate,  
insisting myself into the arms of the universe,  
to be counted as one of its children.

Dr. Betty S. Cox

DRAPES

A silver thread drawn taut  
to break.  
Men cry out to halt  
the strain  
of a world now  
tailor-made,  
Ill-designed, misfitting cloak  
covers shame  
of the needle that pricks  
the skin  
giving God a false  
last name.  
The garment falls  
apart.

T.F. Philbeck



## NOTHING REALLY CHANGES

Ladies wear their bright clothes  
On Easter Sunday still.  
Black men still stagger up the streets  
After the Saturday night of happiness.  
Has anything really changed?

I grew older with great expectations,  
But people seem just as childish  
As my friends and I were when we were young.  
Children are born in the usual way  
Out of lust not love.  
Has anything really changed?

Rednecks let their hair grow  
And some even smoke dope.  
Speech and action are still the same.  
Has anything really changed?

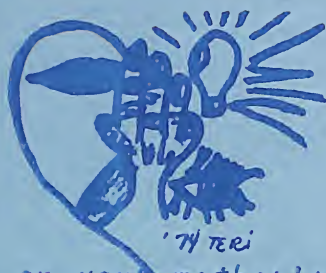
People fall in love with life on their minds  
Holding hands and laughing at giants  
That walk across the silver screen  
That is really made of white paper.  
Has anything really changed?

There is the laugh of old men  
And the cries of virgins.  
Dreams are still in young minds,  
Which the old let go many years before.  
Has anything really changed?

People are born, people die  
People laugh, people cry.  
Yesterday is gone  
Today lingers on  
And tomorrow never comes.  
Nothing really changes.

-Jim Hance

## FREAK CHILD



Freak Child  
Little  
tormented face  
Eyes ... Blue  
as the bruises on your mother's heart  
Skin ... Dark  
as the shadow of your father's wife  
Freak Child  
Feature of an unreal race  
Alone, unwanted and unloved  
Freak Child  
Unpure, disgrace  
to your father's father  
pure clear white  
Outcase of your mother's black pride.  
Freak Child  
little freak child

-Debbie Pierson

## THERE IS HOPE

A generation of fools we were  
But such dreams we fools had then.  
Do you remember those lofty dreams  
Of a new and better world?  
Fools but happy in our quest  
For change and how to live life.  
Those of older generations call us  
Insane, crazy, freaks, and fools.  
Yes, they called us these.  
So we call our children the same  
Because we are older now,  
But not really much wiser.  
For we lost our dreams when we awoke.  
Said to see us this way.  
Alas, I hope my children never lose their  
dreams  
In the push for life,  
But I know they will as most men do.  
There is hope.

-Jim Hance



## LISTEN TO THE WIND

Listen to the wind child  
Don't it blow so lonely  
Ain't no warmth in that wind  
Ain't nothin' but cold  
    that chill you right down to the bone  
O child I sure do wish  
I could make you safe from that wind  
Just keep you here with me  
    Next to the fire  
    Warm and safe and happy  
Like that little pup there  
    a chewin' on the cornbread  
I guess I'm just afraid  
    that old wind gonna call you  
    away from me  
But listen to the wind child  
Don't it blow so lonely

-Suzette Collins Thompson

(We were lost)

We were lost within ourselves,  
Fighting through the cold of winter.  
And it soon was ours to discover;  
As each day progressed, we grew:  
mentally, socially, and spiritually.  
Searching for our place in the circle,  
Seeing our reflection in a song.  
And he came to us and he spoke of love,  
And he brought us a dream of tomorrow.  
We at last walk towards a new horizon.

-Danny Cook

(Icy hands clench the wheel)

Icy hands clench the wheel,  
Knuckles immersed in dust, palms in  
fear.

Scenery flows by untouched while eyes pause  
only to glance at billboards,  
The wheels hum their lethal lullabye as  
we  
cruise into  
nowhere.

-Bobby Setzer

(Gliding, shifting feelings like fleeting sands

Gliding, shifting feelings like fleeting sands  
in an hourglass

small grains of love, struggling to be born,  
breathe the breath of life.

Seeking across silent reaches of worlds,  
To be touched. Not to fall

As the waterfalls which forever

Come crashing down. The gods have driven  
my todays away.

I watch my world ending, dying. Reach back  
to yesterday.

Clouds roll back. The sun shines through,  
Haunting. What was is now. My future.

-Peggy Fox

## SAND DOLLARS

In a time of long past remembrance  
You and I walked on a shore  
To search for sand dollars  
We were in love then.  
I still have the sand dollars  
And none of them are broken

-Suzette Collins Thompson

## I REMEMBER YOU

With each minute falling away,  
as the leaves on a tree fall,  
I think of--and remember you.

When the water flows down its endless path,  
as the memories drip from my eyes,  
I think of--and remember you.

When each letter is typed by a never-ending  
computer,  
as words are spoken that are never heard,  
I think of--and remember you.

With the falling star, landing on a beach  
of dreams  
as the thoughts of past years land on my  
mind,  
I think of--and remember you.

When two innocent children share a simple  
smile,  
as time reflects our love and many hours,  
I think of--and remember you.

-Danny Cook



THOUGHTS UPON YOUR QUESTION TO ME ABOUT DYING

Oh if I could say to you--honestly  
Yes--Live  
Don't you know that I would

But knowing  
The ultimate torture of life  
For you  
I'd have to say

What beauty life  
in tortured moments  
that suspend all consciousness  
and link together  
only when joined  
by the honey of  
euphoric morphine

You see--I've seen you  
cradle yourself  
in your father's arms  
and in your husband's arms  
and take your babies to your breast  
And all who you embrace  
are gone now  
but not to you  
in your euphoria

And I'll be your  
grandmother  
and mother  
and friend of a long past childhood  
To please you  
To comfort you

But I don't know  
If I can tell you  
To hold on -- to live  
Because I want you with me  
One moment longer

So now  
I write you little eulogies  
In my mind

Because your thoughts are now  
Little eulogies  
Remembrances small and many  
Of times when things were good for you  
And there was  
No pain  
No sorrow

-Suzette Collins Thompson

(If)

If  
a  
love  
does  
not  
vary,  
beware  
because  
it  
is  
not  
a  
natural.

After all, my lady,  
I  
love  
you  
is a very sharp edge.

-Tom Hutchens

## EVERYMAN'S QUESTION

I stand in the shadows of the waning year  
and gaze across the multitude of days  
and nights that came to me on hurrying feet,  
arms piled high with beauty,  
dreams, and challenges,  
persistent peddlers with exotic merchandise,  
and I ask myself what wares I chose,  
what did I taste and feel and come to know?  
What delights did I distill  
for the mind's sure cud,  
did I stretch my mind  
before the pregnant words  
of Socrates, and Paul, and Homer,  
and did my soul grow strong  
in worship's splendor  
and in the sweat of service?  
What nectar did I suck and store  
from lovely flowering experiences. . . .  
did the beauty of a sunset flood my soul,  
did I rise to the dare of any dream  
that floated past, a grey nymph on my stream?  
When I turn to the cupboard of my soul  
will I bask in the glow of a vintage year  
or stand accused,  
confronted by the empty shelves.  
In all my choosing and my seeking  
have I really sought the Kingdom  
and His brand of righteousness?

-T. Max Linnens





WE ARE DIFFERENT, YOU AND I  
To W.B.Y. and M.G.

I am the poet,  
You, the politician

I see in grass the splendor of growing things  
life and love and union

You see a common ground for all mankind  
a carpet for all nations

-Gerrie Ward

### GLIDERS

In the majesty of flight  
you and I soared  
high above reality  
Forgetting that below us  
lay the bonds of  
human suffering  
So high we were  
that time mattered not  
And life was only  
the wings  
that bore us on  
But being only mortal  
we were bound to earth  
Yet again we wished to savor  
the lovely nectar that we shared  
as we were borne  
on the winds  
of infinity

-Suzette Collins Thompson

("If you plant a seed of affection, water it with)

"If you plant a seed of affection, water it with  
warmth and sincerity; it will blossom into a  
beautiful cluster of  
Love . . ."



-Fred Lacon Eisenhower, III

### PSALMS 33 1/3

The Lord is my record player  
I shall not be silent.  
He makes me resound with sweet music.  
With Him in the center  
He allows my life to drop  
Onto the turntable of His will.  
He sets into motion the needle of time  
And plays me in the groove  
Of fullest stereo.  
Though I control my modulation  
He rejects my warpedness  
And blends the balance  
Of my extremes.  
Songs have come  
And have gone--  
And only He knows  
How many melodies are left.  
But when my time has come  
To be placed on the stack  
Of those once enjoyed  
I shall not be stilled--  
For I am released under His label  
And my flip side shall endure forever.

-Reg Alexander

## LINES WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A GIFT OF PERFUME

Long after this bottle lies empty and forgotten.  
And I . . .

It's fragrant ghost will stalk in the night  
(Springing at me from behind old memories of how  
It rose warm and ardent from your breasts)  
Feigning your essence on every breeze,  
Haunting me with the love I refused,  
Leaving me breathless and alone  
Running wildly  
Seeking your shadow in the dark.

-Victor Bradford

## A SUMMER PLACE

Gone are the dwellers, south,  
that flourished here at  
warmer times, the chill has  
driven them away, a neighbor  
strips the old house bare, the  
peeling paint raining down is  
quickly whisked away, barren 'til  
a warmer day, awaiting a  
coat of green.

-T.F. Philbeck





## BRIEF OPENINGS

Eyes are often windows into the soul  
through which one may glimpse  
the sadness and joy and struggles beyond  
when the intensity  
of the experience  
burns opaqueness away.

And when that moment comes for you,  
hurry through that open door  
and taste the fragrant oneness  
with that forced-open soul  
in that rare and fleeting moment  
of whole-hearted yearning,  
and feel the fears, the love, the hope  
splash upon your own unprotected soul-shore,  
for swift the moment passes,  
and you must stand apart again.

But in that one  
long moment  
of soul-closeness  
you may help shore up  
a sagging soul  
to stand tall again  
in the crucible fire  
where dross is burned away.

-T. Max Linnens



1741EK1

## QUESTIONS

If I were fortunate enough  
to have a conversation  
with Him

I'd probably ask why  
someone decided to save my soul  
at age ten  
and almost drown me  
in the baptismal pool  
before I really knew who He was  
and then

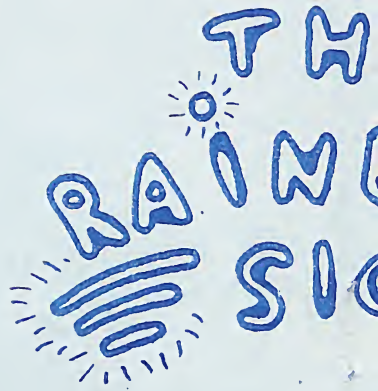
I'd probably ask  
all about poverty  
and disease  
and prejudice  
and hatred  
and war

and why  
He lets them exist  
and then

I'd probably ask Him  
to describe Hell (if He doesn't mind)  
since so many of my fellowmen  
have told me to go there  
and then

He'd probably ask me why  
since I obviously talk so much  
He hasn't heard from me before

-Suzette Collins Thompson



A dirty straw-head man  
stumbled in and stood next to me on the back row  
while they sung the last verse over  
and over  
he grinned at me and coughed

and we heard the water coming  
they could have held on to each other  
but their hands pointed up to the sky  
so it washed  
    them  
    clean  
    away

a straw-head man and me  
we saw wet clothes hang on  
    like skin-  
    our eyes  
burned when the little ones went under  
and he says  
    Jesus what's got into them  
  
the water flowed over our shoes  
he looked down  
    and shivered

(Author's note: Although this poem is a commentary course, intended as an expression of the author's and in the sacred ordinance of baptism.)



HE  
BOW  
IGN

he got choked on something  
then kind of sudden the straw-head man says  
Save me! and I jumped

he just threw up his hands  
and yelled  
SAVE . . . ME!

and Jesus you did too  
took him right under -  
brought him back up  
but he was still yelling . . .  
and I was yelling  
and they says  
Jesus's what's got into them  
that's all  
that's all  
that's all . . .

so they turned out the lights and left  
me and a straw-head man  
to tread water for a while

-Wayne Blankenship

itary on certain aspects of religiosity, it is, of  
r's strong belief in the teachings of Christianity

MOBIUS

I want to  
Stalk a lion  
and  
Shoot rapids in a canoe  
and  
Save a life  
and  
Affect all mankind  
But words are only parts  
of desires  
And desires implement themselves  
in dreams  
And dreamers  
are always poor  
But not in spirit  
I want to  
Stalk a lion

-Suzette Collins Thompson



## STAGNANT HAUNTS RESPOKEN

Throwing back the covers  
of his bed and finding  
a small balloon resting  
on the pillow, as if it had once lived  
in Goliath's pocket, reminded  
the writer of how his  
wife had felt like a balloon  
that had been  
blown

up

and

had

the

air

let

out

of it twenty-five times  
the night before  
her death in the Hindenburg crash.

-Tommy Swinney

## WELFARE

Finished, full, and fat -- the fox.  
Looking, lean, and lithe -- his brother.  
Humanitarian fox, guilty yet full  
Shoved the scraps and brushed his hands.  
From not enough scraps and too much pride  
The brother died.  
"Ungrateful," sputtered the fox,  
Finished, full, and fat.

-Ginger Wright



MOON/CHILD

He appeared-----First  
peeping from among the trees  
then rose and shone the light  
of his full army  
conqueror of the land, the sea,  
the air----He shone  
and reigned over a  
quieted populace  
Then with the advent of  
the sun----he surrendered  
his captives  
to a more brilliant  
lord

-Gerrie Ward

(Smoke)

Smoke  
Twisting, curling, hide and  
seek among branches,  
essence of charred ruins,  
ghosts of ancient oaks,  
legitimate sky-writing, knowing  
no form or bounds except  
to the eye.

-T.F. Philbeck

## THE COMPROMISE

Ice on a hot sidewalk  
Sweating berg of glaring crystals  
Frosty teardrops kissed by the sun  
Reduced to a lukewarm pool.

-Ginger Wright

## THE CHAPTER B4 THE ONE IN WHICH OUR HERO HAS HIS MORNING COFFEE

The last morning there  
I pulled myself out  
    from between  
    the sheets  
like a great unveiling.  
(A victim of reflex.) Waking up,  
I dress and walk  
                    down to the beach  
to say  
goodbye to the last Friend  
I had  
    down there.  
Waving goodbye, I am surprised  
to see that  
it waves back

it waves back.

it waves back

-Tommy Swinney

FRUSTRATION

*There is nothing as frustrating as standing in line with somebody just behind you.*



## TO DEATH

While sleep o'er hangs this frail encasement  
    of sublimity called soul  
I call on thee to come sweet death  
Release me from life's hold  
Let me not taste thy bitter fruit  
    in time of psyche waking  
Yet lo I lay my wretched form  
Before thee for the taking  
To suffer not  
I know sweet death  
I must so call on thee  
Yet though I fear  
And know thee near  
Take me not while I see  
Let sleep encompass thus my frame  
And take me then in your sweet name

-Suzette Collins Thompson

## (Death)

### Death

You are gradually  
coming to meet me.  
I feel You in my breast;  
I hear You in the hushed quietness  
    of the gentle breeze.  
I see You in the falling leaves;  
I smell You after the rain has come;  
And I taste You with each passing breath.  
And I love You.  
But I don't want to die,  
not yet.

-Brenda Bridges

## POINTS, OR OBEDIENCE REWARDED

9/17

Patient Fred Smith stood at attention facing Video Monitor #7, Hall Station. He pressed the address button once and waited. A voice spoke from inside the wall. "Yes, Honor Patient Smith. Speak."

"Sir, I have earned 400 positive points as is required for 15 minutes of ground privileges," he said, looking directly at the lens of the camera. "May I have permission to leave the ward?"

"Please state the duties you have performed," said the voice in the wall.

"I have scrubbed the washroom and cleaned the baseboards in the hall," reported Patient Smith.

"Video Monitor #6, Washroom Station, indicated that at 4:17 P.M., you put Ajax on the tile. While rinsing at 4:21 P.M., you missed the 4th tile up and 3rd tile to the right on the left wall. Return and rinse this tile; then you may have 10 minutes."

"Ten minutes, sir? But I requested permission for 15," responded Patient Smith.

"You are being penalized 100 points of accumulated positives for 'Not obeying directions.' Your directions were to scrub and rinse the entire wash room area. You did not do so as you missed one tile. You are also being penalized an additional 100 points for 'Arguing.' Now you may have only 5 minutes," said the invisible man behind the wall in monotone.

"Yes, sir," said Smith.

A short time later he was ready to leave the ward for the break. As he punched his privilege card into the wall clock that

opened the locked door, the digits read in bright green letters:

TIME: 4:31 P.M. + 5 MINUTES = 4:36 P.M.

That meant that he would have to return to the ward before 4:36. Otherwise, he would be charged 60 points for each minute late and have to drink Sustagen (something like gruel) instead of eating his dinner.

As the door opened to let him out, he could hear the Master Monitor's voice. "Video Monitor #14, Bunk Station, observing Patient Claude Miller picking right nostril with index finger of left hand. You are penalized 40 points for 'Dirty Hygiene.'"

9/18

"Master Monitor, Economy Unit, reporting for Staff conference, 8:59 A.M.," announced the intercom in the wall of the central conference room.

"Look here, Dr. Cyclops," said Dr. Green as he positioned his cigar and glared at Video Monitor #1, Conference Room Station, "this isn't an army camp."

"You are penalized 100 points for 'Sarcasm--Subheading of Name-Calling,'" said the machine. "Pay five dollars before you leave, or your privilege card will not unlock the door."

"I heard you, robot," and he turned to the grinning doctor next to him. "It's not funny, Jim. That confounded monster is following me everywhere. If I so much as sneeze, I hear a voice in a wall telling me I didn't cover my mouth. This year alone I have paid that Economy Unit more money in fines than I have ever had to pay in taxes! We wanted a consistent program that would pay for itself, and we certainly do have that. But this has got to go!"

"200 negatives, Dr. Green, for 'Verbal Antagonism,'" said the wall. "In addition, 500 more for 'Verbal Threat.' Pay an



additional \$35, or your privilege card will not open the door."

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Green, and he remained silent for the duration of the period, allowing the system in the wall to make its statistical reports, compute diagnoses, and program dispositions on 27 chronic patients. At 10:01 A.M., the meeting adjourned and the staff members lined up to punch their way out with their privilege cards. As the last card clicked in the clock and the automatic door locked shut, Green was still at the table counting the bills in his wallet. He finally stood up, walked to the wall, and pressed a button.

"Yes, Dr. Green," said the voice.

"Sir, I have only \$37 in cash, and you will not take credit cards. May I leave the room now and go get the rest of the money? I'll pay you an extra \$10," said the humbled Dr. Green.

"Permission denied," said the machine.

"You are penalized an additional 100 points for 'Attempting to Bribe Master Monitor.' You must perform 4 cleaning duties before you may be allowed to leave the room. You may begin by cleaning the baseboards. You will be given Sustagen for your lunch."

"Yes, sir," said the man with only \$37 in his wallet, and he picked up a rag and a bucket of water.

-Jane Best

MY FIRST LOVE POEM

I've always said that  
I didn't believe in Love  
And Love couldn't Happen to me  
And by golly I was right  
Because at that moment  
When Love should have Happened  
While we sat in an  
over-crowded, over-darkened, over-heated  
room  
And you made Love-like sounds  
I felt my pride bristle  
And my soul rebel  
And I stopped Love  
stone cold  
by saying  
Blue. Really. They're Blue.

-Gerrie Ward

(L oving)

L oving  
I n  
F ull  
E arnest

-Sue Poper

# THE LAST HERO PERFORMS: A REQUIEM

Clear the blue eyes  
Looked out upon the crowd  
Seeing the seethers  
    who looked through  
        red-veined conveyers  
Not really hearing  
The truth  
Of his much-empassioned song

Oh children  
Fish in a darkened bowl  
Look out on a world of truth  
Life is more than the tides  
That wash on the sides  
Of your murky microcosm

I'm afraid you'll misunderstand  
I'm afraid you'll misunderstand

So I'll just stand here  
Dressed in a uniform of complacency  
And I'll sing to you  
Yes I'll serenade you  
And pick on my guitar  
And yes oh yes  
I will give you something  
To writhe to  
To rave about  
To scream to me  
More--More

Hoping that sometime  
Some one of you  
Will look at me  
Clear-eyed  
And see  
But till that time  
Let's get it on  
"And now brothers, I'm gonna do this one last  
    song for you"  
"Oh mama, can this really be the end  
Am I stuck inside a mobile  
With the Memphis blues again"

-Suzette Collins Thompson



CONTINUOUS POEM NO. 34

I like to bury myself  
Under half-ghosts of sheets  
and remember  
that it is dark.  
Always ... the thoughts  
and memories of her unlock  
my back door for a visit while  
i am just settling down for  
a dinner of sleep.

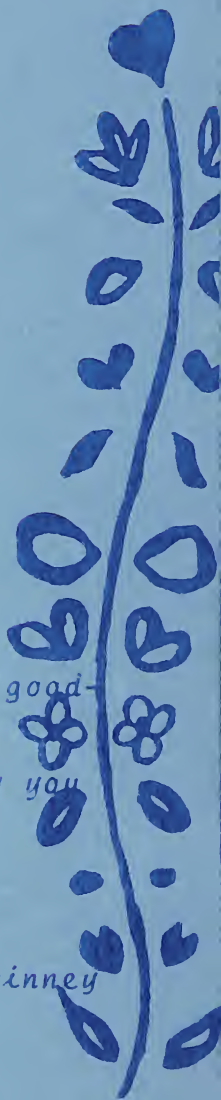
("Strange. While half  
of the world is trying to say 'good-  
night

America,'

i lie awake trying to wish only you  
a goodnight.")

In closing I'll say,  
you are my favorite lullaby.  
I sing you often.

-Tommy Swinney



## THE POSTMAN

Waiting at a window, gazing,  
for a letter, out of fear  
never going to check the boxes,  
or finding the postcard waiting there,  
left before I started watching.

-T.F. Philbeck

## DAWN

At the break  
of dawn  
the last of the moon  
touches each leaf  
And in the midst  
of laughter  
and warm-winded sadness  
I can see desire

-Debbie Pierson

## (Dusk)

Dusk  
Placid, ill-lighted  
noncommitment.  
God's only off-color joke,  
a sage old gray-haired  
neither, without beginning,  
end, a period of wasted  
subtleties, designed to give  
death some much-needed sleep.

-T.F. Philbeck

## I USED TO PLAY HER GUITAR

I used to write songs for her  
And she used to sing them in the night  
While I played her guitar.  
We always said we'd live in Colorado  
High on a mountain top  
Where the snow is cold and deep,  
The sands of time draw us apart  
She went her way and I went mine.  
I often think of her,  
As I daydream here in Colorado.  
I still write songs for her,  
But she doesn't sing them now  
And I guess she never will again.  
You know I still have her guitar  
And I often play it when I'm alone.  
I hope that she'll come back to me  
So she'll sing my songs  
And I'll play her guitar.

-Jim Hance

## (Violence)

Violence  
the end product of conflict, of trauma  
Results  
in the sadistic  
Depressive life  
That becomes a grey spider  
Gnawing and shredding a waterbug  
Trapped by a multitude of string.

-Mary Ann Farrell



## PAPA

When my Papa  
    lay cold and still  
at the other side  
                    of the room  
surrounded by pink and yellow  
He spoke to me  
    of springtime  
                    and sowing  
    of great clods of dirt  
    of great rough uneven ground  
He spoke to me  
And my Papa  
    lay cold and still  
at the other side  
                    of the room  
surrounded by pink and yellow

-Gerrie Ward

(Sitting mournfully)

Sitting mournfully alone on the cold  
                                    wet,  
                                    brick  
                                    steps

He reflects.  
Unashamed of the sorrow  
He exposes the grief  
That grips his heart.

He calls out a name --  
Again and again.

                                    A deathly silence!  
No one answers his anguished cries.  
And alone in the silence around him  
And the emptiness within he weeps.

-Russ Anderson

## LOVE IS A LOST STONY EVENING

Love is a lost stony evening  
with a prelude in whipped cream  
and wine.

Seven chorus girls  
swirl by unnoticed. Wasted.

Thrown away in time  
by memories that hold a tear  
and a smile in the same moment.

The only sounds of the night  
that matter  
are:

- 1) sigh
- 2) breathing
- 3) "stay longer."

Not the drone  
of the fluorescent death lamp,  
horns piercing the silence of darkness,  
or the moon song dogs sing

-Tommy Swinney



DAWN'S HOPE  
WILL COME

I woke in the still  
night, alone,  
and rose to walk  
barefoot through the  
dewy grass  
and down the road  
made white  
by the light of a  
high, pale moon,  
over the hill and  
down to the beach  
where I sat and wept

for the waves that could find no rest--  
the waves that beat upon the shore,  
and the waves of grief within  
that swelled and pounded on the shore of my  
soul,  
then receded in sobbing soft,  
only to mount and pound again.

White gull wings swept the dark away,  
and the sun rose up from a watery grave,  
then the prophet's promise came alive  
and etched its words in a soul sunrise:  
"The sun of righteousness shall rise  
with healing in his wings."  
And I beheld a glittering path  
stretch across the sea to my shore,  
a bright, bold road toward horizons far,  
and hope made bright a kindred path  
in the gloom of my grief within.

-T. Max Linnens



Term Paper  
Loving Daughter of  
Freshman Students

Rushed In Prose

Born: May 14, 1974  
2:00 AM

Died: May 15, 1974  
8:00 AM

She was truly a scholarly drudge  
So filled with heavenly fudge.

Ginger  
Wright

TERI  
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